ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1873.

NO. 10.

GROUT & BALDWIN, TORNEYS, COUNSELORS & SQLICTTORS, F. W. BALDWIN. Barton, Vt.,

ALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS L. H. THOMPSON,

FORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR Also Bounty and Pension Agent, Irasburgh, Vt L. R. WOOD, JR.

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W. B. CRITCHETT,

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NUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs.
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J. L. WOODMAN, EALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and findings of the best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash, e over A. & J. L. Twombly's.

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TTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery Will attend courts in Orleans and Caledonic Will attend con es. Prompt att

MARTIN ABBOTT. WHEELWRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General Job Worker. Open and Top Buggies, and va is styles of carriages always on hand. Glover Vt

TANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of al kinds and descriptions, Carpets, Room Paper tains and fixtures, also Coffins and Caskets, Picture nes, Spring Beds &c. Glover Vt.

NEW GOODS The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of MILLINERY

Fancy Goods in; such as, Neopolitan, Straw, Chip Cactus, Sandowns and Linen hats, Bonnets of every ayle, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings, Siks, Collars and a variety of Faucy Goods.

DRESS MAKING

EXPERIENCED WORKMEN have made arrangements to receive goods from New York and Boston EVERY WEEK

and can give our customers THE LATEST STYLE

LOWEST MARKET PRICES. nanking the public for their past favors, I hope

MRS. N. M. JEWELL. A. J. CUTLER'S

MILLINERY

Pattern Rooms.

SKINNER & DREW'S BLOCK, BARTON, (Over the Post Office)

KATHAN'S BLOCK, NEWPORT,

now present for the inspection of the Ladies my fall

Autumn and Winter Millinery Goods

In variety and elegance of design and fabric, they are surpassed by none. While our many facilities for pursing at the lowest rates, cambles us to dispose of our names stock at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

I WOULD INVPIE SPECIAL ATTENTION

to the branch of MME, DEMOREST'S EMPORIDM OF FASHION BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The great increase of the pattern business since the stroduction of TRIMMED FATTERS, has led to the establishment of local agencies in every part of thea United States, which enables the ladies in the country as well as the city to make their own selections. Each pattern is enclosed in an envelope stamped with a plate of the garment when completed.

SCHSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR

MEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. Ladies are invited to

Barton, Vt., Oct. 28, 1872.

At a recent meeting of the principal lumbermen of Maine, it was estimated that there will be 450,000,000 feet less Call & Examine the Goods. logs cut in that state than last year.

A girl can sow more wild oats in a day

get their wild oats sowed in a while,

the boys all do. I don't care how many

tricks they play on me-and they don't

either. The hoitytoityist girls can't boil

over like a glass of soda. By-and-by

they will go into the traces, with some-

any old stage-horse. That is the beauty

of them. So let them wave, I say; they

will pay for it some day, sewing on but-

tons and trying to make a decent man

of the fellow they have spliced on to,

tle down as placid as a mudpuddle.

SINESS DIRECTORY. ON RECEIVING AN EAGLE'S QUILL FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

All day the darkness and the cold Upon my heart have lain, Like shadows on the winter sky, Like frost upon the pane; But now my torpid fancy wakes, And, on thy Eagle's plume,

Rides forth, like Sinbad on his bird Or witch upon her broom! Below me roar the rocking pines, Before me spreads the lake, Whose long and solemn sounding waves

Against the sunset break. hear the wild Rice-Eater thresh The grain he has not sown; see, with flashing scythe of fire The prairie harvest mown ! I hear the far-off voyager's horn;

I see the Yankee's trail-His foot on every mountain-pass, On every stream his sail. By forest, lake and water-fall I see his peddler show; The mighty mingling with the mean,

The lofty with the low. He's whittling by St. Mary's Falls, Upon his loaded wain ; He's measuring o'er the Pictured Rocks, With eager eyes of gain.

I hear the mattock in the mine. The ax-stroke in the dell, The clamor from the Indian lodge. The Jesuit chapel bell!

see the swarthy trappers come From Mississippi's springs; And war-chiefs with their painted brows And crests of eagle wings. Behind the scared squaw's birch capoe, The steamer smokes and raves;

And city lots are staked for sale

Above old Indian graves. I hear the tread of pioneers Of nations vet to be: The first low wash of waves, where soon Shall roll a human sea The rudiments of empire here

Are plastic yet and warm; The chaos of a mighty world Is rounding into form ! a sale at Each rude and jostling fragment soon Its fitting place shall find-

The raw material for a State.

Its muscle and its mind! And, westering still, the star that leads The New World in its train Has tipped with fire the icy spears

Of many a mountain chain. The snowy cones of Oregon Are kindling on its way; And California's golden sands Gleam brighter in its ray :

Then, blessings on thy eagle's quill As wandering far and wide, thank thee for this twilight dream

And Fancy's airy ride! Yet, welcomer than regal plumes, Which Western trappers find,

Thy free and pleasant thoughts, chance Like feathers on the wind. Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,

Whose glistening quill I hold; Thy home the ample air of hope, And memory's sunset gold! In thee, let joy with duty join,

And strength unite with love. The eagle's pinions folding round The warm heart of the dove!

So, when in darkness sleeps the vale The sunshine of the upper sky Shall glitter on thy wings

Where still the blind bird clings, WHAT BOYS KNOW ABOUT GIRLS .-And now cometh a writer-he didn't say

his article was a composition, who tells us considerable truth and gives his unbiased opinion as to what boys think about girls. We are inclined to think what boys don't know isn't worth knowing: but to the article in question. Our author says that girls are the most unaccountablest things in the world-except women Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate : but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits this case is the double rule of two. They are as full of the old Nick as their can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment somebody. When they try to be mean they are as mean as | would call this evening." said Mr. Clel pusley, though they ain't as mean as land, laving down his paper. they let on except sometimes, and then they are a good deal meaner. The only | "And if he asks me to sing, I'll repeat

way to get along with a girl when she the dose I gave him last evening. Did comes at you with her nonsense, is give it to her tit for tat, and that will 'Why don't the Men Propose?" flummux her, and when you get a "And if he should propose?" queried flummuxed she is as hice as a new pin

the Hon. Horace. "I should accept, of course," answerthan a boy can sow in a year, but girls ed Minnie "I never had a proposal in my life, and I am going to take the first

while boys never do, and then they set- offer." But I like girls first-rate, and I guess the young gentleman in the window-seat. "No. Billy."

"Then what the duce, what have I been doing?" "Well, I don't know, Billy, I'm sure. I only know you haven't asked me to

body they like, and pull as steady as marry you." "But I am not quite ready." lieve in long engagements. Something

"I think my dear," said the Honorable and ten chances to one they don't get the Horace, pausing before the whispering pair, "if your first offer comes from Mr. Patterson Conklin, you will do exceedingly well to accept." And Mr. Clell- er, but what of that? I will be your and resumed his walk, with a conscious- husband, father and lover all in one .ness of having done his duty in thus You will be mine ?" openly expressing his opinion, particu- "I will; I am thine, only thine."

"Yes, I will propose," said Mr. Patterson Conklin. "She expects me to, of course, and last night she gave me a pretty strong hint. When she sang, prime of life." 'Why don't the Men Propose, Mamma,' I am very certain that I caught her eye. Yes, and there was an interrogation point

in her very glance. She expects it, she has a right to expect it, and I'll do it!' Mr. Conklin having delivered himself thus, put on his coat and hat, and tak ing his cane under his arm sallied out into the street.

All in the Dark.

of forty-five. He was naturally predisposed to matrimony, and had just been times in as many years. There had been but one trouble-he could never bring himself to propose. He had courted more fair damsels than he had fingers and toes, and he had lost them all, merely because he couldn't or wouldn't ask | that time when he didn't swim the Hellthem to name the day.

Now Mr. Conklin had been in love at least twenty times, and yet he remained follows: property 2 monnies to

"Every true lover has these little loves before the great one comes; they are like those pretty pieces of carved wood which Columbus found floating in the Atlantic, forerunners and signs that he was drawing near his great goal and approaching the end of his wanderings across the ocean. Now I have reached the goal. | you go, Minnie ?" The great love aforesaid has arrived. The is most beautiful, and her name is Minnie Clelland. To-night I shall lay my out into the garden, and Billy and Minheart and fortune at her feet.'

This pretty little story about every true lover's little loves foretelling the greater one was not original with Mr. Conklin. He had found it in a novel that he had picked up one night over to

But leaving Mr. Patterson Conklin to pursue his way, we will, if you please, run on before, and take a glance at the family of which his lady-love, the beautiful Minnie, was the "bright particular

The family consisted of the Hon, Horace Clelland, M. C., a very soft-spoken, sweet-tempered, round-by and gentleman over whose shining bald head fifty summers had bloomed and faded; Mrs. Clelland, a small black-eyed woman of forty, who honored her husband; and believed that his was the most towering and gigantic intellect that the world had ever seen, notwithstanding the fact that Bobbs, the editor of the opposite paper, persisted in calling him "an idiot," "a bag of wind," "a cat's paw for the party leaders," and other choice names too numerous to mention. Mrs. Clelland was slow to anger, but if she could have fixed her hands in Bobb's hair only once, his next editorial would have been written in pain and anguish, without a scalp

to hide his emotions. The other members of the family were Minerva, a maiden lady of forty-two, a sister of the Hon. Horace, and Minme, the daughter, a sweet little creature, who had drank the sunshine of twenty summers till it bloomed in her cheeks, just as the old port her father had drank

bloomed in his nose. Upon this particular evening the family were gathered in an upper room, dignified by the name of "Mr. Clelland's study." The honorable gentleman himself was pacing the room, with one hand behind him, reading the evening paper aloud. Mrs. C. was listening with rapt attention to the mellow voice of her husband, the only music in which she took delight .: Miss Clelland was knitting and occasionally cast a glance toward Mr. Billy Montgomery, who was seated by the window with Minnie, whispering soft nonsense in her ear, as he held her little

"I rather expected that Mr. Conklin

"O, I hope he will ! cried Minnie. you notice how he blushed when I sang

"Never had a proposal?" whispered

"But you see I am, and I don't be-

might happen.

larly as being a politician, it was something that he had hardly ever done be-

"He is really handsome," said Minnie, "notwithstanding his age." "Age! my dear, he is right in the

Billy Montgomery began to feel like an infant. Poor fellow he was only twenty-five. What made him feel worse was the fact that the Hon. Horace would not seem conscious of his presence at all. would not recognize the fact that must have been palpable to any one else, that he was madly in love with the fair Min-Mr. Patterson Conklin was a bachelor nie, though the dear creature did tease him terribly. And now he was talking about her marrying another man, a man on the point of committing it twenty- old enough to be her father, as coolly and calmly as if there wasn't such a thing as a heart in the world. Was ev- light ? er a young and ardent lover in a worse situation? I think not; that is if you will be kind enough to except Leander

"Well, never mind his age," cried Minnie; "he's really a nice gentleman, unmarried. If you had asked him why and he's very wealthy. I always thought is this, he would have answered you as I should like to be an old man's darling." "But he hasn't proposed," said Miss Clelland, rising and leaving the room. "And I pray that he never may!" groaned Billy.

"Upon my word, I believe Aunt Minerva is jealous," laughed Minnie "Pshaw!" cried the Honorable Hor-

ace. "I believe I'll take a walk. Will lady upon whom I lavish this great love er." The honorable gentleman went out across the room. "Is not this something smiling benignly. Mrs. Clelland stole

> nie were left alone. "O, Minnie, how could you talk so?" "Pshaw! Billy, I didn't mean anything, or, if I did, my meaning was so deep that you could not discover it .-

Don't you think I'm deep, Billy?" "You're a provoking little witch." said he, with a melancholy smile, "Am I? Well, then I'll try to be good. Come, let us go down stairs, and

I'll sing you a song commencing: Thee have I loved dearly : Yes, madly, sincerely, &c., &c., And when that song is finished I am

going to send you home, for I have got fourteen letters to write, of four pages and a postscript each. Come. Half an hour later Mr. Conklin arrived at the Clelland mansion. He had been a long time on the way, for in the first place his courage had all oozed out at his fingers' ends, so he had to take a long walk and talk to himself like a father to rouse it once more. Now he felt that he could face anything, so he rang

"Pshaw!" said he, the door is open. I'll walk right in. What? the gas not lighted? well, perhaps I'll find Min in the drawing-room alone, and if I do-" But just at this moment Mr. Conklin, who had groped his way in the darkness, through the hall, caught his foot in a

rug and stumbled headlong into the middle of the drawing-room. "Oh!" screamed a female voice. "Why the duce don't you light the gas?" growled Mr. Conklin; and then remembering where he was: "I beg pardon, Miss Clelland. It is Miss Clell-

"Yes." Mr. Conklin strggered to his feet and

advanced to the sofa where she was sit-"Are you alone? asked he." "Yes, Mr. Conklin." "You tremble, darling," he said, he took her hand and seated himself beside her. "And-hang it, Miss Clelland, but I believe I do, too! And yet, my

dear, this is the happiest moment of my She sighed. "Minnie, dearest, I leve you." She fell into his arms.

"Is that love reciprocated? Call me Patterson if it is.

"O Patterson !" "You love no other man?" "You are the first that e'er I sighed

Oh, blissful moment ! "How divinely sweet Is the pure joy when kindred spirtts meet." "You haven't kissed me. Patterson.

she whispered. Then their lips met. "Nectar!" exclaimed Mr. Conklin repeating the operation.

"Do you know darling, that that song last night, 'Why don't the men propose,' was what roused me? I might have gone courting you for an age and never have proposed but for that."

"And to think that I did not know you was courting me," she said. "Didn't know it ?"

"I wasn't certain. To be sure, you sometimes looked unutterable things but you men are such gay deceivers-"O, darling! did you think that I could deceive you?" And they kissed again

mine, my own darling little wife. know I am old enough to be your fath-

But at that moment footsteps were heard in the hall.

"It is Mr. Clelland. Let me sit further off," whispered Patterson; but she only clung the closer. "What! all in the dark?" cried the

honorable gentleman advancing into the drawing-room. Mr. Conklin hardly dared to breathe. and the dear creature still clung to hin

as does the ivy to the oak.

Mr. Clelland struck a match and the next instant a broad flame spurted from the gas jet and flooded the whole room with light. "What do I see ?" exclaimed the Honorable Horace, fixing his eyes upon Mr.

Conklin and the maiden by his side.

"Do you give your consent ?" stammered Patterson, blinking in the gas "My consent! Dunder and blitzen yes, dash it ! yes, yes, take her-take her! and go to Hades-whew! what an infernal old fool I have been !" and the

honorable gentleman threw himself int a chair and groaned aloud. Mr. Patterson Conklin couldn't un derstand this at all. He didn't think it either proper or becoming for an M What ! take his daughter, the beautiful little darling, and go to the bad place! No, he wouldn't do anything of the sort : he would wear her in his heart's

He waited for Mr. Clellan to explain but he only groaned. Then he turned

"Angels and ministers of grace defend "No thank you: I'll wait for my lov- us!" he screamed, springing half way more than fantasy? 'Twas Minnie that I loved; but by heaven, I've been making love to her aunt !" and he sank into a chair quite overcome with emotion.

But just at that moment Minnie walk

ed into the room, leaning on Billy Montgomery's arm. "Father." said she, "I told you to night that I should accept the first man who dared make a proposal of marriage to me. This is the man who dared." "Bless you, my children," said th Hon. Horace. Then he cast a withering glance at Patterson and another at Aunt

Minerva and hurridly left the room. The happy couple followed him, leav ing Patterson and the tear-stained Mi nerva alone. "This is an infernal bad affair," muttered that gentleman, taking his hands

out of his hair. She tried to speak but could not. "I've made a fool of myself," said "Yes; but you would make a greater

chit of a girl," sobbed Minerva." "Egad ! I don't know but what you are right."

"I'm su-su-sure of it." Patterson came back and sat down beside her. Presently he stole one arm around her waist. "Will you have me now ?"

"I don't know. O, Patterson! You have nearly broken my heart," she sob-

he kissed her. "Do you love me as well as you said

some one else ?" "Why, I think I can learn to." "Well, then I guess you may learn." said she, throwing herself upon his bo-

I left just then: but in conclusion am happy to inform the reader that whether Patterson ever learned to love Minerva or not, I am sure of one thing, that about two months after that memhouse, and Mr. Patterson Conklin and Mr. Billy Montgomery were the happy bridegrooms; and I don't believe that the former has ever regretted making

his marriage proposal "all in the dark." A MAGNIFICENT ECHO .- Up in the Lehigh Valley there is a hotel keeper who has a mountain about a quarter of a mile from the house, and it occurred to him that it would be a good idea if he could fix things so that a magnific echo could be heard from the mountain by persons who stood at the hotel and hallooed. So he engaged a boy to seerete himself behind a clump of trees. with orders to repeat the words of any one talking on the roof of the hotel. After practising a while to make sure, the andlord announced one day his discovery of the echo, and took up a lot of people to enjoy it. They called for half an hour, but no echo responded. At last, when the landlord had become crimson with rage, and was about to give in, the coho came, but not in the shape expected. It said: "Been down to the spring for mother; fire away now. I'm all right" The guests smiled, and mine host suddenly disappeared. It is dangerous now to mention the word "echo" at that hotel

"But say, dearest, that you will be The steamship Indiana, the third steamer of the Philadelphia and Liverpool line, has been for a month ready for launching, which has been prevented by the ice in the Delaware river. The steamer Pennsylvania, the pioneer of the line, will make a trial trip early in

For the Monitor MY SECRET.

I was born among the green hills Vermont, but when quite young my parents removed to Canada where my younger days were spent. My parents were poor and, realizing the fact, I grew up with a sort of feeling of inferiority to the around me. I never mingled in the gay gatherings of my schoolmates and neighpors, from an indefinite idea that I, with my coarse clothes and awkward manners, would be looked upon as a sort of intruder, as well as from a fear that I might be made the butt for their jokes, from which, with my sensitiveness, I shrank

BY W. H. W.

with an instinctive feeling of dread. When eighteen years of age, I went to a neighboring village to "learn a rade." I engaged to serve three years out at the end of two years my health failed, and I was compelled to return to the farm. About this time I made the acquaintance of a young lady who, in every respect, accorded with my idea of perfection in woman, and as every one must, sooner or later, I immediately proceeded to fall in love. Mine was no idle passion, fading at the first pretty face I beheld, but that fond, abiding love which springs from a feeling of true respect and admiration for one who possessed sterling qualities of a mental and moral nature. Nettie was intelligent, well educated kind-hearted and good in every sense of the word, and of her loving, self-sacrificing nature the sequel af-

fords ample proof. The feeling of affection was reciprocated, and ere long she was my promised bride. But here comes in what has ever appeared to me a mystery which has but one solution-that it was so ordered by an over-ruling Providence. I shrank instinctively from letting my parents know anything of my engagement, and thus a year passed by and I became twenty-one years of age. I now felt that I was free to act as I chose, but still an intuitive impulse forbade me to disclose the facts to my parents who remained ignorant that I ever had any such acquaintance as Miss P. Although I made my father's house my home,-indeed, I hired and managed his farm,-vet I came and went when I pleased and no questions

We were quietly and privately married, and I provided a home for my wife in the village of M. I have often wondered why the facts of the case were not discovered, but now, as I look back I can see the ruling hand of Providence in fool of yourself by marrying that little

Nettie's parents were dead, but she had a brother who was in business at the village, and who persuaded me to invest with him a small sum which had been left me by a relative, and of which I obtained control on attaining my majority, adding to the firm name that convenient suffix, "& Co." His advertisement announced that "having associated with him Mr - of Boston, thereby combining an increase of skill and business "Can't you forgive me, darling?" and | tact with an increase of capital, he was prepared to supply his customers at the lowest possible rates," &c., and that was you did, when-when you thought I was all the introduction I had to the people in the vicinity, for, by the same interposition of Providence which I have before referred to. I made scarcely any acquaintances there. I had unlimited confidence in George's ability and integrity, and contented myself with managing my farm at home, making occasional visits to M. and, with a vague, undefined dread, delaying the disclosure of my real position to my parents and friends at home. It orable evening there was a double wed- so happens that there is little travel on ding at the Honorable Horace Clelland's | business or otherwise between M. and B. where my parents were, yet this alone would not account for the success of my instinct-directed secrecy

> In May following my marriage in September, I received a letter from George one day, saying that he was in trouble, and entreated me to lose no time in coming to him. The first person I saw was his face buried in his hands. He did beggars, and I am ruined,-hopelessly to his chair. By little and little I drew from him the facts. While a clerk in a store, he had formed a habit of gaming. which had threatened his ruin. He saw his danger, and upon venturing into business for himself he reformed. A few weeks ago, when in Montreal making se- danger." lections of a spring stock of goods, he had been entrapped by sharpers, who had succeeded in stripping him of his last dollar. Goaded on by remorse and despair, he had forged a note which he had found no difficulty in getting 'discounted at the bank, as he was well known in the city. Lured on by a wild. vain hope that he might win back what he had lost, he again sought the gamblers, and was again mercilessly fleeced. His next step was to make his purchases on credit, which he found no difficulty in doing, as he had always been prompt

to pay, and nearly always bought for ready cash.

"Another week, and the note will be presented for payment, and then I am ruined. We have no money, and the whole stock of goods if sold at auction. would not pay the note," said he. "Oh,

what shall I do; what can I do!" I instantly comprehended the case, my mind. I could easily disappear from the scene. He could give out that I had pretended to procure the note, claimng that it was for borrowed money which made off. George could compromise with return, and let the truth be known without imperiling George, and at the same time cleaning myself from all taint of dishonor. My parents need know nothing of this, and so suffer no uneasiness

on account of it. forth the facts in their true light was drawn up and signed by George, witnessed by Nettie and the lawyer, to whom I intrusted the care of my inter- ployment. ests in the matter, and departed.

This contract I carry with me, so that in case of any accident my innocence may be proven, and my brave little wife e cleared from the burden of another's

My parents were somewhat surprised and went stoutly to work. He kept when I suddenly left my business at home, disposing of my property at a sacrifice, and engaging again at my trade. but they only laid it to a freak of that eccentricity which they give me credit for. For obvious reasons I have disguised names and places, but at some day they shall be made public, and I shall return to my wife with not only a clean conscience but a clear fame for

honor and integrity. A NONDESCRIPT.

A Strange Animal Running Wild in Tennessee-Superstitious Fright of the People—An Escape

The people of Jonesboro, Tenn., are

in a turmoil of terror over the appearwhich is depredating the State. A gentleman recently from Shelton Laurel district of North Carolina, some forty miles from this place, informs us that the people of that "densely thicketed" country are greatly excited in regard to the appearance, upon several different occasions, and in several different places, of a huge mountain monster, the species of which is unknown. Mr. George Anderson, one of the gentlemen residing in the Laurel country, being one of the persons who saw the monster, also furnishes us with the following description of it. "I was out in the jungle hunting up some lost hgs, when all of a sudden there came into my path a beast, the appearance of which, I must confess, caused me to quake for the first time in many years. Aside from its strange and unusual appearance, the unearthly yell it uttered on perceiving me, which reverberated and re-reverberated through the forest, was enough to shake the senses of the most daring adventurer. The animal was some hundred yards distant from me, and appeared to be a huge black bear with mane and head like a lion, but had horns like an elk upon it. Its tail was long and bushy, with dark and light rings around it to its very extremity. Its eyes glared like a pan- of the best men in Boston, to come out ther's, and its size was that of an ordi- and join him in a fox hunt .- Concord nary ox. but somewhat longer. Just previous to its making its appearance I had shot off my gun at a squirrel, and felt little prepared to meet such a ferocious beast without any weapon of defence. I immediately set about reloading my rifle, but had scarcely begun, when it started towards me. I retreated in as good order as possible, and must say I did some good running-not look-Nettie, and I instantly realized from her | ing back until I had reached an open face that some terrible thing had occur- spot-when I found the animal had dis- Even the wife of the murdered man has red. In answer to my hasty inquiry for appeared in the laurel thicket. This is added her entreaties, to which may be George, she burst into tears and pointed | no story, Mr. Editor, gotten up to scare | added those of the ten surviving juryto his room. I found him sitting with | naughty children. I am not the only | men who tried him. This is all well one who has seen the monster: several enough in its way, and reflects credit upnot move or stir until I spoke, when he have seen it since I did; and as sheep on the sympathizing hearts of the petisprang to his feet exclaiming, "We are and calves are lately missing, it is pre- tioners, but it is to be hoped that the sumed to be a carnivarous beast. Many Governor will remain firm. The murruined." and then he sank, groaning in- have fortified their homes to prevent a der was both unprovoked and brutal .night attack from the strange monster, There are scores of Fosters in New York the like of which was never seen in these who are ready to laugh the law to scorn, mountains before Some think it has and who need an example to teach them

> sent to warn people of some approaching An attendant at Mount Vernon not ong since observed a lady weeping most bitterly, with her handkerchief to her eyes. Going up to her, he said: "Are you in trouble, madam ?" "No. sir." she sobbed. "I saw you weeping," he added. "Ah," she said, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of the Country?" "Oh. indeed, madam," said be, "that's it. Well, the tomb is over yonder. This is the ice-

while others superstitiously think it is

Afflictions clarify the soul.

A LITTLE ROMANCE.

On a certain day in 1853 a young man whose noticeable points were a fashionable coat, an exceedingly high hat, pantaloons with wide checks, and a large watch chain at the end of which dangled a seal, walked into a large hardware store in Boston and asked for employment. Mr. Peter Butler, one of and a plan of action suggested itself to the proprietors, asked if he had ever worked at the business. He had not. What had he been doing? Studying law at Cambridge. Where did he belong? His friends lived in Maryland. I had had from the firm, and which I The firm was not in need of help, and had probably pocketed, together with the services of the applicant were civilly what further funds were in the safe, and declined. On the following day he addressed a note to Mr. Butler, saying that the creditors in such a way as to protect he feared he had not made himself fulme from pursuit, and in a few years the ly understood, and would call again on affair would all blow over, and I could the morrow and explain further. At the second interview he said that he had graduated at Harvard University, and commenced reading law; that he had become acquainted with a young lady in Cambridge whom he proposed to marry; that his father had written to him Nettie, brave, noble self-sacrificing forbidding him to marry a Northern soul, consented to this arrangement, a girl on penalty of utter disinheritance lawyer was called in, a contract setting and banishment from home. He intended, however, to keep faith with his betrothed, and, as he must paddle his own canoe in future, he was looking for em-

Mr. Butler engaged him at \$400 a year, and gave him certain duties to perform. Next morning the young man whose name we might as well say was John Peca, walked in from Cambridge, with his dinner packed in a tin pail, steadily at this for a year, doing all he was told to do, and more beside : for his comrades, of whom there were more than sixty, finding him able and willing, set him at all the menial tasks of the establishment, until the proprietors discovered and stopped the imposition. At the close of the year John's salary was increased \$100, and he named an early day for his wedding. When that day came Mr. Butler gave him a new suit of clothes (he presents everybody he takes a liking to with a tip-top suit once in a while) and a holiday. Mr. and Mrs. John Peca went to live with the bride's father and mother, and John continued to walk in to his business, tin pail in hand. Among all the merchants and tradesmen who rode in from old Cambridge to the banks and counting-rooms of Boston, there was not one whose heart was lighter or happier than that of John Peca-a clerk of \$500 a year. He was always on hand when the warehouse was opened, and stuck by it until it was

During the second year of his service he received a letter from his sisters, who were at school in Brooklyn, asking him to get leave to make them a short visit. He did so, and returned to his duties. Not long afterward another letter came. His father wanted him to come home for a few days and bring his wife along with him. Mr. Butler furnished the necessary funds for a comfortable trip to the old home and back again. During their stay in Maryland the young people won the love of the old folks if indeed they ever forfeited it; for John had not long been back at the store in Boston when his father desired him to take charge of one of his plantations. He should have a carriage and span. His employers hurried him away and bade him God speed. At the death of his father, John fell heir to an immense estate. Every year he writes to Peter Butler, whom he justly thinks one

SYMPATHY .- There is every reason to believe that Foster, the ear-hook murderer, will escape the penalty of his crime. Mr. Hamilton Fish, Dr. Tyng, Governor Dix's son and daughter-in-law have all besieged the Governor and persecuted him with the most unflinching perseverance with prayers for the commutation of the criminal's sentence .escaped from some rambling menagerie, that they cannot do so with impunity. There was not a word of entreaty for the poor wretch Reynolds who committed a murder by no means as cruel as that for which Foster lies under sentence of death. He was hanged, however, within a few weeks of the perpetration of his crime, his death having been hastened by the utterance of the unhappy, but now proverbial saying: "Hanging is played out in New York." New York cannot afford to indorse that statement after having hung him to prove it untrue.

> The Mason Manufacturing Company of Springfield, Mass., have lately put a steam gong upon their new factories that can be heard thirty miles.